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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
OF
THE WORLD
for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 25,
was as follows:

MONDAY.....	89,520
TUESDAY.....	87,700
WEDNESDAY.....	75,540
THURSDAY.....	92,380
FRIDAY.....	92,780
SATURDAY.....	86,480

*Holiday.

A BENEVOLENT OCTOPUS.

The Standard Oil Trust is a very benevolent and patriotic institution, according to President ROCKEFELLER.

It provides a salary of \$25,000 a year to each of its nine trustees, who sometimes meet as often as six times a year. It pays its stockholders a dividend of from 7 1/2 to 10 per cent. a year, and has accumulated for their benefit an addition of \$20,000,000 to the capital. It is so anxious to enlighten the people that it is getting control of natural gas supplies and city gas works. And it never—that is, hardly ever—interferes with competition.

Let us hope that the benevolence of this octopus will stop short of taking charge of the people's sunlight.

SYMPATHY WILL OUT.

"Three things admit of no concealment," says a Spanish proverb—"love, smoke and the truth."

To these should be added sympathy with corporations on the part of politicians and newspapers. It will out.

If the position taken by Mr. Parsons before the Senate Committee, in refusing to produce the agreement under which the Sugar Trust is doing business, is to be sustained, investigations will be a farce. The trusts will simply give some of their boodle and all of their papers to a "counsel," and he will conceal everything that he thinks it prudent to hide.

The Republican Senators, by tabling Senator Ives's resolution, are arraying their party on the side of the Trusts.

STAND TOGETHER.

The Chicago Knights of Labor have acted wisely in discountenancing any retaliatory action against the Brotherhood of Engineers.

"If the members of the Brotherhood have ever been guilty of any wrong towards our order," they say, "this wrong cannot be righted by committing another."

If workmen do not stand together they will be put down and kept down separately. And if the engineers have been lacking in proper co-operation heretofore, they will be more apt to learn its justice and necessity from a demonstration of its value to them than by retaliatory measures.

Make the interests of one the concern of all.

MUM IS THEIR WORD.

The exceeding care taken by a few of our esteemed contemporaries in this and other cities to avoid giving any credit to *The World* for its BLAINE interview, or to omit all mention of this most important news event of the week, is highly amusing.

Why should they let "concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on their" damaged cheeks? What *The World* publishes all the world knows very soon. Green-eyed envy is out of place in a newspaper office.

A SAMPLE BARON.

Coal Baron PARDEE, finding his miners starved almost to the point of slavish submission, refuses to confer with any representatives of the Knights of Labor and insists that the strikers "must go back to work conditionally."

Denying thus the right of Labor to organize, for self-protection, this coal baron is a member of the "combine" that conspires to put coal up and keep wages down.

He is the same PARDEE who poses as a patron of "higher education," endowing a shoddy college with the proceeds of his extortions. How much longer shall the laws promote and protect this sort of injustice?

That amusing little elf, MARSHALL P. WILDER, announces a professional trip to Japan. Judging by Japanese art and carvings the humorous grotesque is too common in that queer country to make the delineation profitable.

Congressman BLAND is doing good work in fighting the combination in charge of the public buildings grab-bag. Where are Mr. RANDALL, the watch-dog, and Mr. HOLMAN, the great objector?

Our big brother, the Morning World, observes that the Envelope Trust "does not bear the stamp of public approval." No, it is quite stuck up and deserves to be licked.

A good many people were disappointed in not finding the French ball as naughty as they expected. The Mayor said can't-can't be taken to the can-can.

The Locomotive Engineers strike in a very peaceable and business-like manner. That's the surest way to make a hit.

A POETICAL APPEAL.

O you who labor not yourself,
But live on thrift of others;
Reflect that all your ease-got pelf
Was earned by toll of brothers.
Because to work you have no need
Must they forever slave it?
Their holiday would give you good,
But they propose to save it.

THE WORLD, their champion, and "The Right," their cry in this battle,
They'll prove the victors in the fight—
They're human and not selfish.
Their holiday they will preserve
With present legislation.
With rest thus gained they'll better serve
Employers and the nation.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

STATEN ISLAND DRIFT.

Jerry Baker is the proprietor of a sporting hotel at Tompkinsville.

Will Carmichael, the florist, is about to begin the study of Volapuk, it is said.

Fred. Kent is a happy member of the Niagara House Company of Tompkinsville.

Edward Doyle, of Port Richmond, fond of wearing a rose on the lapel of his coat.

John Hinnott is a favorite with New York business men who drop tickets into his box at the Clifton depot.

Gus Wendling, of Tompkinsville, thinks highly of the aristocratic merit of the striped pole in front of his barber-shop.

Inspector Cobb, of the West New Brighton police, has done good work in protecting the property of residents of the village.

George Egbert caused mild surprise among his friends when the word "haberdasher" appeared on his sign in Tompkinsville.

WORLDLINGS.

Elmer Buckner, of Kentucky, is a veteran smoker who finds more solace in a pipe than a cigar. He is rarely seen without a coo pipe in his mouth.

There are more people of foreign birth in Milwaukee and fewer in Atlanta, in proportion to the sizes of the places, than in any other cities in the country.

Two conductors on the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad have been suspended from duty for twenty days each for kindling fires in car stoves with oil.

A Cynthiana (Ky.) boy recently received an appointment as elevator boy in one of the department buildings in Washington, and of twelve Kentucky papers that mentioned the appointment eleven described him as "clerk of the elevator."

At the trial of a Wooster (O.) man for murder, it was brought out in the course of the testimony that at the outbreak of the war he had himself convicted of stealing sheep in order that he might avoid military service by going to the penitentiary.

Aunt Hannah Cary, a negro woman living at Montevallo, Ala., is 110 years old, as is proven by the slave records of her former master. She is a native of Africa. She gained her second sight some time ago and is now cutting a new set of teeth.

Herbert Lord, of Lebanon Centre, Me., threw a big Baldwin apple at his playmate, Eddie Davis, striking him a violent blow on the temple. Davis fell to the ground unconscious and died shortly afterwards. Lord will be arraigned in the police court for manslaughter.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is just sixty-six years old, but he does not appear to be over fifty. He is a stoutly built man, with a big Scotch head, a ruddy complexion, chin whiskers of a silvery gray and a vigorous moustache. He is a tireless worker in the committee-room and is looked on as an encyclopedia of knowledge in financial matters.

There are 141 veterans of the civil war in the National House of Representatives, of whom fifty-eight were Confederate and eighty-three Union soldiers. The seven members from Mississippi all fought in the Confederate army, and they are matched by the seven Representatives from Kansas, all of whom served their time in the Union army.

In the contest among the newspapers inaugurated by A. H. King & Co. the record of answers to their advertisements stood:

EVENING WORLD..... 51
Evening Sun..... 29

Which speaks for itself.

"WHAT WILL YOU ASK TO TAKE A TRUNK TO THE DEPOT?"

"I told her I couldn't do it for no less than \$1. They was my rates, and I had a family to support. Then she said:

"Come to No., then, this evening at 10 o'clock, and you will get the trunk."

"Are you going with it?" I asked her.

"No," she said, pretty quick like, "I will go in a carriage and get it at the depot. I'll pay you now, and then you won't have to delay any at the house, except just to get the trunk."

"She gave me a five-dollar bill, and I handed her back \$4. I took down the address, so as not to forget it. When I asked her for the name she said: 'The number is enough, if you've got that right. There's no need of any name. You're paid now, aren't you?'"

"All right, ma'am," said I. "I'll be there."

"So I started for the house at 9.30. It was a white house with a narrow front. It looked as if it was marble. I rang the bell. A servant girl opened the door.

"I've come for the trunk," said I to her.

"All right. It's down in the basement. Go down to the basement door, and I'll open it for you."

"I went down the steps and she opened the door.

"There it is," said she. "I'll help you. There's books in it and it's heavy."

"We got the trunk out and into the wagon and I took it to the depot. The woman wasn't there, so I left it and came away. There was a piece of paper stuck on it. So I supposed she could find it when she went to get it checked.

"That is my part in the business. When I heard about the trunk that had been at the station two days and hadn't been called for, and that a young woman was found dead in it, I thought of the trunk I had carried there on Saturday. I've been the trunk, and I think it's the one I took. It looks just like it. Now, that's all I know about it, Warden. I don't want to get into any scrape over the thing."

"Don't you be afraid," I said, reassuringly.

"You won't get into any trouble, but your story is important. Now I want you to come with me to the police and tell them just what you have told me. This is the first clue that we have got in the case, and it may lead to the conviction of the guilty parties. Why didn't you come before and tell what you know?"

"Because I was afraid I would get into trouble, and I didn't want my family to suffer. But I kept thinking about the thing, and reading in the papers so much about who was the driver that took the trunk and what a pity it was he couldn't be found and all that, I felt as if I ought to tell what I

know and I didn't see how they could fix anything on me. I didn't know what was in the trunk. Everything seemed straight enough at the time."

The man went with me to the police and told them his story. They saw its importance at once.

"Could you tell the house if you saw it again?" he was asked.

"Yes. And anyhow I've got the address in my notebook," he replied.

He was taken to the neighborhood and asked which house it was. He at once selected a narrow front marble dwelling.

"That is the house," said he.

The number corresponded with the one in his notebook which the woman had given him. A small sign in the window of the first floor read: "Dr. James Thornbury."

Inquiry at the house showed that he was not at home. Tuttle failed to identify the servant girl. The house was handsomely furnished. The second floor had several bedrooms on it. In one of them was the wife of the doctor, with an infant child in the cradle by the side of her bed. She was ill and was very much agitated at the sight of men looking around the house. Her daughter was a girl of fourteen.

The servant girl said that ladies "under treatment" occasionally would remain at the house over night or lodge there for a week. She didn't know of any one who had been there lately. The driver had mistaken the house evidently because only the doctor's wife and daughter and herself were there, and no trunk had been sent away.

The young girl was curious to know what the matter was.

"Do you read the papers?" some one asked her. The dailies had been teeming with the story for a week, and it seemed incredible that she should not have heard of the thing.

"Papa doesn't let me read the papers. Sometimes I read a story paper, but he don't like mamma and me to read the daily papers. He says they are a miserable lot, the whole of them."

The wife and girl were evidently sincere, but the servant seemed to be playing a bluff game. She was too sure of not knowing anything about the whole business.

(Concluded To-morrow.)

A SAD CASE.

The Story of a Trunk Murder.

When

Thomas S. Brennan,
now a Commissioner of Public Charities and Correction, was Warden at Bellevue.

PART II.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

HE man turned his hat around in his hands and shifted from one leg to the other before he spoke. He did not seem inclined to say what he came for. I waited patiently till he should find his tongue.

At last he said: "Warden, I've got somethin' to say, but you must promise me you won't say nothin' unless I say you can."

"Well, don't be afraid. Speak out. I'll not do you any injury, you can rest assured."

"This 'ere body that was found in a trunk," he continued, "with even more difficulty than before. 'I think I know something about it. I've looked at the trunk, and I believe I am the driver what brought it to the station. But I didn't know what was in it, so help me God," he continued earnestly.

"Now, 'tain't fair that I should get into any trouble over this thing, Warden Brennan. I'm a married man, with a family, and they depend on me for my support. If anything should happen to me it would go pretty hard with them."

"If you are innocent in the matter, what have you got to be afraid of?" I asked in an encouraging tone.

"Will you stand by me, Warden, if I tell all I know about the thing. I drive a baggage-vagon. My stand is at Twenty-ninth street and Third avenue. My name is William Tuttle. I was standing by my wagon last Saturday afternoon when a woman came walking by. She looked at my wagon and then at me. Then she said to me:

"Are you the man that drives this wagon?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"How much would you ask to take a trunk for me to the Hudson River Railroad Depot?"

"Where from?" said I.

"No. Second avenue," she said.

"One dollar," said I.

"Can't you do it for half a dollar?" she said.

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